* DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY*

THE BEST Photoplay Department in WASHINGTON

Sharp Criticism of Poor Film From Photoplay Papers

A very determined effort is being made by the men who have the best interests of the photoplay at heart to clean it up-to eliminate the grossly improper films from the market along with the producers who make them. It is a very difficult thing to make any impression on the class of people who are making such pictures and more difficult yet to secure the support of the exhibitors-the organized support that means business. The attitude that The Times has adopted toward the film and has unhesitatingly stated on all occasions, is not original with this paper. In fact the biggest and best of the periodicals devoted to moving pictures have been fighting poor film and good film that is unfit for exhibition purposes almost ever since the publication began. One of these, Motography, has been a consistent believer in constructive criticism of this sort and maintains a department in which one of the editors, who styles him-self 'The Goat Man," delivers frequent pithy sermons on these sub-ects that are constructive and help-ful in subject and effect. "The Goat Man" has been wasting continuous war against bad tilm. He is a believer in the principal that the public is entitled to clean pictures and that the exhibitor who does not pay attention to the public demand is a very noor business man.

The editors of The Moving Picture World are also lined up with the forces that are fighting the poor film and working hard to obtain the best quality of production for all the pro-ducers. The World has gone much further in its criticisms of bac ures than The Times has ever done. It is supposed to be the great organ of the exhibitors throughout the country and contains many of the most authoritative articles on film subjects published in this country. And yet, with all the selfish interests that could be conserved by an exposite artitude its editors have opposite attitude, its editors have chosen to take the broad ground that their mission is to advise and improve the business. We are led to state all this because of the misunderstanding of certain of the ex-hibitors of the object of the criti-cisms that have appeared in this column and because of a paragraph printed in the editorial columns of The World in its current issue which soes even further than we have eve one. While this paragraph was written with direct reference to the situation in New York, it applies with equal force everywhere else in

very poor business man.

the country—as its writer was aware. The editorial states:
"We certainly have no desire to add to the perplexities of our Fifth avenue board of censorship, but it is pretty hard to understand their attitude on one of the most disgusting of the white slave films now running unmolested by the police in a New Tork theater which is trying hard to lose its reputation as a decent place of entertainment. The film as it same from the hands of its perpecame from the hands of its perpetrator was too filthy and suggestive for any normal person, and the Fifth avenue censors ordered five changes, such as "reduce to a flash the death of the father" and "eliminate the contemptuous look of triumph on the face of a procurer in the fa a Chinese restaurant scene. This, it seems to us, is trifling with a serious evil. You cannot cure a cancer by painting part of the diseased surface, nor can a harrel filled with garbage be made fit for the dining-room by putting a few drops of rose water on it. Our friends and neighwater on it. Our friends and neigh-bors ought to know that the white slave films have been the cause of a hundred black eyes to the motion picture in every part of the country. Decent producers and decent exhibi-tors have suffered not a little through the exhibition of these vul-gar and nauseating films. We know at first that much of the agitation for official consorship is directly at first that much of the agitation for official censorship is directly traceable to the white slave film. Do the Fifth avenue censors really believe that sanitation cannot be learned except through the study of sewers and dumping grounds? These same censors sometimes strain at masts in the cases of reputable prognats in the cases of reputable pro-ducers and read an offense into a film where none exists and none was intended. The board now enfoys an uncommon measure of public confidence, but a few more de-cisions like this approval of a white slave production will go a good way toward impairing this confidence

Mt. Pleasant Schools At Moving Picture Show

The indications are today that the Mt. Pleasant schools will turn in one of the largest playgrounds' funds of any school division in the District, the result of a moving picture exhibition the school was successful in producing. The management of the Savoy Theater lent the schools the use of its oig auditorium for the purpose, and the show ran all day yesterds?. The pupils were permitted to leave their classes in large units to attend the show at regular intervals, and the big theater was crowded throughout the day. The program was selected by a committee of teachers, and included educational subjects only. It was unusually long and well chosen. Pictures were shown of the Panama canal, the cod fishing industry, paper-making, and the develop-ment of aviation, including types of all aeroplanes up to date in flight. In addition to this, the boy corn growers who visited Washington were shown on the screen, and travel pictures were exhibited of scenes in Japan, Belgium, and Switzerland. The Savoy Theater management supplied the theater and the staff of operators, and earned the gratitude of the teachers and pupils for the way in which the exhibition



PHOTOPLAYS AND **PHOTOPLAYERS** By GARDNER MACK.



The Hollywood, Cal., Studio Nine Includes Ford Sterling, Eddie Lyons, Lee Moran, Herbert Rawlinson Among Others with Victoria Forde as Its

The Mystery of the Hidden

House.

(Vitagraph.)

ankle. Moina Jardine, a little moun-

tain maiden, assists him to her

grandfather's home, "The Hidden

House." Marston learns that Moina

is subject to great stress of, mind,

at times. She tells him she and her

sister, Robina, take turns caring for

Mr. Jardine. Marston falls in love with the beautiful Moina, but Mr. Jardine and Mercy, the colored serv-

On The Minute.

ARION BIDDLE, the daugh-

ter of an author, is out rid-

ing in her automobile when

she gets wind of news of his

say "Wait until you see ina!" One day, Moina turns from

HILE tramping the hills of

Virginia on his vacation,

Dick Marston, a young

minister, sprains his

Curing a Husband. (Essanay.)

IS greatest fault was drink. His wife had pleaded with him time and time again to leave the terrible stuff alone. One night he left his home, went to the club, and proceeded to get "filled." Late that evening, or in the wee small hours of the morning. he took a machine to go home, but failed to get inside, and fell into the slushy street. A cabby nearby vol-unteered to take him home, but Robert was determined to drive the Robert was determined to drive the horse himself—and he did. He blocked the traffic and had a terrible time. When he arrived home he found a note to the effect that his wife had deserted him, but his child was there, so he knew she was not far off. He promised her, however, that he would never drink again.

Fox. (Kalem.)

Robina!" One day, Moina turns from Marston and begs her grandfather to explain the mystery, but is angrily told to keep silent. That night Marston, walking in the grounds, meets Moina. She seems dazed, tells him that Robina comes! She disappears. The next morning Robina, beautiful and bewitching. comes dancing in. Mr. Jardine and Mercy decorate the house and at night, before the blazing logs, the colored servant tells witch stories. Francis Marion the Swamp ARAUDING Cherokeesattack the cabin of Jacques Videan, Marston, in his room, sees Robina dancing through the grounds in the moonlight. She pouts and goes straight up to his room, laughing at at the edge of the settlement. One of the pioneers witnesses the attack and rides for help. He notifies Francis Marion. The latter heads the settlers who go to the his displeasure. Seeing a picture of his displeasure. Seeing a picture of Moina, she angrily tears it in pieces and rushes out. Marston is fascinated by Robina and one day, seizing her in his arms, he kisses her passionately. Suddenly her expression changes. She cries out that Moina is coming and falls unconscious. The girl is cared for by Jardine and Mercy. Marston then finds out what became of Moina. rescue. The Indians set Videau's home afire. The tamily rush out into the open to escape from the fiames. All are promptly slain by the savages, with the exception of Mary, Videau's ten-year-old daughter. The chief of the Cherokees makes her his prisoner. A terrific out what became of Moina, hand-to-hand buttle takes place. Marion's heroism inspires the settlers to victory. The young leader rescues Mary from the Indians. He offers her a home with his sister, Mrs. Sharp. Ten years later, Marion falls in love with her, but because circumstances seem to indicate that cumstances seem to indicate that Gabriel, his nephew, and Mary are in love with each other, he conceals his affection. Balfour, a young Tory, also loves the girl. Gabriel comes upon him in the act of forcing his attentions upon Mary and fells him. A duel ensues. Marion takes Gabriel's place, disarms the Tory and orders him off. News of Cornwallis' landing at Charleston is brought to Marion. He immediately organizes a body of partisan troops. Marion sudden death, and throws on full speed, but is arrested by a flat tire. The chauffeur attempts to open his tool box and make quick repairs, but finds he has lost the key. A guard in charge of a gang of convicts working the road, calls to Jimmie Nolan, who is serving time as an exa body of partisan troops. Marion offers the services of his men to offers the services of his men to General Gates, but that arrogant of-ficer, declines to enlist them. At the same time, Balfour organizes a band ficer, declines to enlist them. At the same time, Balfour organizes a band of Tories to ravage the patriots' homes. General Marion and his men become a thorn in the side of the British. Marion learns that Gates has been defeated by the British, and is prisoner. Dashing into the midst of the British, he throws them into panic and rescues the Continental officer. Cornwallis sends Colonel Tarleton, known as "The Butcher," to capture "The Swamp Fox." Balfour offers to aid Tarleton to capture Marion's home and camp. A friendly innkeeper hastens to the Marion home and warns Mrs. Sharp of the British approach. Mrs. Motte to the home of Mrs. Motte for shelter. In his anger at finding his quarry flown, Tarleton vandalizes the house. Tarleton charges Mary with being a dangerous spy. Marion learns of Mary's invisionment. Funcus, he deter-

Not So Pretty.

"I'll step across," you promptly say,
"And have a closer look."

Inspect the girl from head to feet,
Then sadly murmur, 'Tush!"
-Louisville Courier-Journal.

MATTRESSES AND

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You note a girl across the way Dressed like a fashion book.

pert burglar and lock-pick, and he deftly picks the lock, the tire is re-paired, and they proceed on their At home Marion learns that his affairs are in a desperate state, and she is penniless. She is far from helpless, however, and her tather's solicitor secures her employment as secretary to the newly elected mayor. Nolan, the burglar, is released from prison on proba-tion, seeks out Thomas Regan, a "ward boss." Regan and his companions are rushing through a gas franchise bill, which is a menace to the people. Nolan visito the mayor's office, and gets a fair look at the secretary, and she looks at him in return, and vainly tries to remember where she has seen him be-fore. Although "the cards have been stacked." Regan is furious when he sees an article in the newspaper stating that the mayor is determined veto the bill. He threatens Weaver with political ruin and the loss of the prospective nomination for governor, but the mayor stands firm, and Marion, who overhears the gerous spy. Marion learns of Mary's imprisonment. Furtous, he determines to attack Tarreton. Just at this time, he receives a small cannon interview, has her admiration firmly interview, has her admiration firmly fixed for this righteous mayor. Regan is desperate, and he knows that if the letter he has written to the mayor is used against him, it will be "good-night." So he determines to secure it at all hazards. When the mayor leaves for his home in the suburbs in the early evening. as a gift from General Washington. The "Swamp Fox" surrounds the Motte home. Unaware that the ladies have been driven forth, he send Gabriel forward with a flag of truce, requesting Tarleton to remove its. Motte, his sister, and children before he commences the attack. Unaware Regan's mercenaries waylay him on the road to hold him. The mayor is overwrought with anxiety, behe commences the attack. Unaware that Mary is a prisoner in the house. Marion sets the flace aftre with burning arrows. Balfour see that the Continentals will prove victorious. Entering the room in which Mary is confined, he tells her of his intention to kill her. Balfour is just about to blay Mary, when Marion and his men burst into the room. One of the men shoots as Balfour raises his pistol. cause he has realized that the gas

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WHAT THEY'RE SHOW ING IN WASHINGTON:

"Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox," the Olympic, 1431 U street. "Sanison," the Casino, P between Sixth and Seventh streets. "The Old Folks From 'Way Down East," Crandall's, Ninth and E streets.

"Under the Mask of Honesty," the Colonial, 927 Pennsylvania avenue.

"On the Minute," the Rhode leland, Rhode Island avenue and Seventh street. "Terrible Alternative," the Pick wick, 911 Pennsylvania avenue.

"Johanna the Barbarian," the

Favorite, First and H streets

porthwest. "Curing a Husband," the Twilight, Pennsylvania avenue between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets southeast.

TOMORROW. "The Creation," the Belance, La-

fayette Square. "Samson," the Casino, F street between Sixth and Seventh atreets. "Treachery," Crandall's, Ninth

and E streets. "Ple for Sophie," the Twilight, Pennsylvania avenue between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets

outhesst. "A Million Rid," the Olympic, 1431 You street. "A Spy for a Day," the Colonial,

927 Pennsylvania avenue. "The Southerners," the Rhode Island, Rhode Island avenue and Seventh street.

"The Mystery of the Hidden House," the Pickwick, 911 Pennsylvania avenue. "A Man's Soul," the Favorite,

First and H streets northwest.

steal will become a law by default if he is not in the council chamber by noon to veto it. Finally, the chauffeur frees himself from his bonds, and leans over and frees his employer. They make a break, locking the doors after them, and succeed in jumping into their own car, and speed toward the city. It is after 11 o'clock in the morning, and they have only until noon to get to the city hall, and miles away. Mar-ion is worried and anxious over the continued absence of the mayor. She opens the safe and tidies up the of-fice. Regan, the "ward boss," and his accomplice, the slick-fingered Nolan, go to the mayor's office on pretext of business. As Marion en-ters the room, Nolan slips behind a screen, and Regan, pretending anx iety at the mayor's absence, leaves shortly. She follows him out to see that he is safely away. Nolan, who has examined the safe, finds that the incriminating documents have probamayor's desk. So the instant he is left alone, he begins his old handi-work on the lock of the drawer. Marion returns quickly. In a tlash she recognizes him; reaches into an-other drawer, seizes the mayor's reother drawer, seizes the mayors re-volver, and covers Nolan before he realizes what has happened. Know-ing his cleverness, she forces him at the point of the pistol to open the private compartment in the safe. Marion takes out the gas bill with the mayor's veto attached. The clerk of the effice comes in at this moment. She gives him the gun to guard Nolan as a prisener, and rushes to the council chamber, reaching there just in time to prevent the passage of the iniquitous measure by

Tammany Young Gives His Bride a Laundry

"Tammany" Young, jockey, "copy boy" in the Russo-Japanese war for the London Daily Mail, former secretary to Paul Armstrong, the playwright; launboy" in the Russo-Japanese war for the London Daily Mail, former secretary to Paul Armstrong, the playwright; laundry proprietor, "tummy wash" vender in Cuba during the Spanish-American war, chorus man, prize fight announcer, timekeeper, referee, and advance agent; sailor before the mast on an Australian.—Ouida. sailor before the mast on an Australian cattle boat, real actor and photoplay comedian—"Tammany" (William F.)

was tied. "Tammany's" bride whisper-ed to the pastor of St. Michael's Church, in Thirty-fourth street, that her name lived with her brother at 142 West Thirty-sixth street. And just to prove that he was a "regular guy," "Tammany" gave his bride a laundry establishment for a wedding present. The laundry present was "Tammany's" little joke. Years ago he was known to Miss Savage only as "2028," his laundry mark. Now that he is a regular moving picture actor at Eddie Dillon's Reliance studio at Hollywood, Cal., "Tammany" thought it time to do something many" thought it time to do something handsome for the young woman who had waited so long for him to make

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Summer Dishwashing

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK. if they had to "do dishes" they would have invented other methods of eating-so much did they hate this much maligned household task. Certainly it is true that men I have known on camping trips have cheer fully solved the difficulty by burying the dishes in the tidal sand right after breakfast, and, with gallant hearts, proceed to enjoy the day's sport, to return at night to find that the wild waves had scour-ed the dishes clean—with no hand All the dishwashers on the market

All the dishwashers on the market are made by men—and, if your family is large enough, a dishwasher, be it ever so humble, will help you wondrously, if you have enough water. But I am speaking now to the great mass of us who wash thirty-four dishes at dinner, eight-

thirty-four dishes at dinner, eighteen at breakfast, and whose noon
quota depends on whether we have
"lunch" or a "luncheon."
First, let us eliminate all extra
service. Why the service plate?
Because some French or English
families who can hire a cook for 85
a month and a scullery maid for 83
made the innovation of an extra unused plate before each person, why
must we follow it—especially when
Lizzie costs \$24 a month, and will
"leave" at the slightest notice?
Then many women have a penchant "leave" at the slightest notice? Then many women have a penchant—or worse, for excess china on the table. It is a free country, and women are free to pile up work for themselves if they wish—and they do; but why celery sets, and a red one for meat, and a blue one for salad and a pink one for dessert, and several other spectral shades for every course thrown in?

and several other spectral shades for every course thrown in?

I am not criticising this kind of service, if we have the servants and th money, and care to do it. I do disagree with it, when simple housewives, whose husbands make \$20 a week, try to ape this fashion, and who have cut class and china and gimeracks on the table, which mean so much extra work and labor. We can also use the paper or pulp mean so much extra work and labor. We can also use the paper or pulp plates which are now being made so well shaped and goodlooking. Not for regular meals, but for lunch, for the children, and for outdoor meals and summer al fresco. They come with an inner lining of parchment paper, which can be removed, and a new disk placed on the plate for another course. For instance, if we had a meal of chops, potatoes, salad and a blanc mange, we could serve the chops and potatoes on the salad and a blanc mange, we could serve the chops and potatoes on the first disk; remove it, substitute a new one, and have a portion of salad; remove and substitute again, and place the dessert on it, in this way using only one plate, and that a paper one. Paper cups, too, and paper bowls are on the market, and really beautiful white glazed paper plates in sets, which look like real china.

Another mistake housekeepers make in hot weather is washing dishes three times a day. If the family is small, it is more sensible to put the few breakfast dishes to soak and wash with the lunch—or to soak and wash with the lunch—or to wash only supper silver and let the dishes—not pots—stand until breakfast. Time is lost getting ready the utensils, washing out the sink, etc., which can be saved if two batches are done at once. Use a wooden plate scraper—I wish I could give one to every housewife—a soapshaker, a dish-mop, and a pan large enough to avoid slopping. A wire dish-drainer saves drying any dish if your water is hot enough. A bath-spray will spray them if you have hot, water on tap. The saved half hour by this method can be put into "dolling up" for the only man—in-"dolling up" for the only man-in stead of wiping needless plates. (Copyright, 1914. by Mrs. Christine Frederick.)

Words of Wise Men

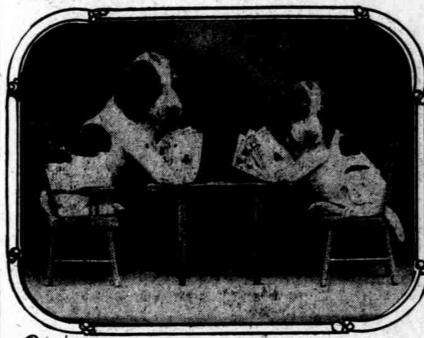
Hail! social life! Into thy pleasing bounds I come to pay the common stock, my share of service, and, in glad return, to taste thy comforts, thy protected

He is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies.—Anon. Think about yourself, about what you

want, what you like, what respect peo-ple ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure.—C. Kingsley.

Each man in his sphere, cattle boat, real actor and photoplay comedian—"Tammany" (William F.) Young is married.
"Tammany" arrived in New York in a hurry recently, and before twenty-four hours had elapsed the nuptial knot was tied. "Tammany's" bride whisper-ed to the paster of St. Michael Charles and the paster of St. Mic It may, indeed, be said that sympathy

TIMES BEDTIME STORY



OFRELS ~

FANNIE AND TOBY HICKS ARE DISGRACED.

that she would get off this time but she was disappointed—and you, Fan-nie Hicks, let your little brother play with them."

And protest as they might, both puppy boy and girl were spanked. But Tom Tabby laughed to himself, and spent a lovely afternoon whittling with the knife of Toby Hicks.

Conjugal Felicity.

A teacher in a Liverpool school was

trying to find from a tiny child the

name of his father. He seemed quite

unable to think of it, so to help him she

"What do you call him?"
"I call him father," was the reply.
"Well, what does your mother call

The response was eloquent of the manners of the neighborhood: "She doesn't call him anything—she likes him."—Liverpool Post.

OOP

By GELETT BURGESS

By FLORENCE E. YODER. ERHAPS this picture may not

look to terrible to you; perhaps you do not think that it is wicked to play at cards; but Mrs. Hicks, who was the mother of this little puppy girl and the little Sippy boy, was very religious. All of the people in Tabbyland, where the dogs and cats live like people, are very religious.

"I'll never have a playing card in my house," Mrs. Hicks had said, more than once. But she did get them into her house, and Tom Tabby was the cause of it.

"Hello, there, Toby," called Tom Tabby, the morning of the sad day that the cards came to the home of Mrs. Hicks. He was going down the road with his pockets full of all sorts of odds and ends, and his paws, when he saw Toby ahead of him and called to him.

Toby. "I have to go home right away, for mother told me not to

"What do you want?" called back

"Don't stop, then, baby," yelled naughty Tom. "Only I have some things with me that I thought you might like."

Now Tom Tabby was bad, but he was just as smart as he could be, and he wanted to get Toby to trading things with him. Toby had a very fine knife that Tom wanted, Tom had a pack of cards (the same ones that Mrs. Hicks found in her own children's paws later in the day), and he wanted to get rid of them. He was afraid that Mrs. Tabby might find them in his pockets, and give him a good switching. So he planned to get them off on poor Toby and get the knife he wanted.

Tom sat down on the roadside and began to empty his pockets, and Toby came slowly along as if he thought of turning back every minute. He threw himself down on the grass beside Tom and looked at the treasures. Then he looked away. He pretended not to be interested.

He pretended not to be interested in anything that Tom had, but the minute that his eyes lit on the cards he knew that he wanted them

cards he knew that he wanted them worse than anything elese in the world.

But he did not begin on the cards—he was too knowing for that, but he could not fool Tom, who had seen him glance at them first of all. "What do you want for that nut and bolt?" Toby poked a small nut and a bolt with his paw as he spoke. "Don't want anything," answered Tom, "it belongs to the wagon, and if I should trade that we might break down and then I would be in a fix."

So they talked for several minutes

So they talked for several minutes and finally Toby got around to the cards, gave Tom his nice knife for them, and started home very well satisfied with himself. But Tom laughed all of the way home—"Toby Hicks will get in trouble as sure as I'm a kitty," he laughed to himself. He was right.

Toby took the pack into the house in his trouser's pocket, then he called Fannie, and together they looked over the face cards. "Lets just pretend we are playing for a minute," begged Toby, and poor Fannie agreed. They divided up the cards, each one took five, and they thought that they were being very bad and having a grand time. But they got so loud, and laughed so hard that they let Mrs. Hicks walk right into the room on them. the room on them.

Toby stopped in a fright and started to run, but Mrs. Hicks caught him. "You brought those cards in my house." she said as she shook him, and"—Fannie had thought

think that Lillian lerself, that she Is she a Goop?

Perhaps she isn't then,-although Goops love to lotter and to talk. knife and fork.

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Corsets Made Out Of Telegraph Wires

HE telegraph, ploneer of elec-

countries, has had many remarkable experiences in linking up the outposts of civilization, and nowhere more than in the still half-savage islands of Malaysia, says a writer in the June Wide World Magasine. In Sumatra, for instance, the rebellious Achinese took the wires to hammer into slugs for their nuskets: in Celebes unprotected lengths of the early lines were torn down and improvised into fish-traps; while in Dutch Borneo the white while in Dutch Borneo the white porcelain insulators gave such a striking effect as necklace beads for the dusky jungle belles that the natives still steal them whenever opportunity offers. But it has remained for the Dyaks of Sarawak—Rajah Brooke's remarkable little state in North Borneo—to cap the climax by stripping many miles of telegraph poles of their wire in order to turn the latter over to their tribal "modistes" to manufacture into "clothes" for their ladies. Long before the telegraph wire came, the principal article of trade with the Dyaks of Borneo was brass wire, some of which was used for the making of bracelets and ankiets, but the bulk was worked up into a remarkable corset for the women folks. This "garment," beginning a little below the waist—where it fixes the bedang, a strip of cotton cloth falling to the knees—ascends in broadening spirals to the shoulders.

The spirals are connected up with other pieces of wire, which have the effect of depriving them of all elasticity and rendering the contrivance quite as rigid as its modern prototype of the enlightened Occident. Under foreign influence it is becoming the custom to make these 'cages,' so that they may be removed at will, for bathing and even for sleeping, but in the remoter Dyak villages this reform has not yet begun to make itself felt. There, a girl, on reaching maldenhood, has a loose wire corset of fashionable shape built upon her, and to this her figure must grow, whether it chances to be along its natural lines of expansion or not. Only extreme sickness—usually only the shadow of death itself—gives warrant for the removal of the galling grill, though it is also occasionally done in other cases. Wire is wire in Borneo, and though brass trade wire was more refulgent and "dressy" than telegraph wire, as long as the former cost a picul of damar or five piculs of copra for the requisite number of spirals, while a dress length of the latter could often be had at the expense of a little climbing, there was no question which was going to be

Dubbe's Deductions.

is one of our swellest society girls, i the latest figure, galt, and garb."—Lip pincott's Magazine.

MOVING PICTURES

LYMPIC

FRANCIS MARION

The Swan Fox

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